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The knowledge of this simple fact of the total extraction of the "Fusil Oil" to Physicians and Chemists (who alone are scientifically acquainted with its poisonous effects on the system) will be sufficient for them to recommend it in preference to the Brandies and Gins in general use. Our medical friends pronounce it to be the only reliable and healthy stimulant suited for both sexes; they prescribe it for cases of debility, dyspepsia, flatulency, &c. It is the favorite beverage in Boston, Philadelphia, and wherever it has been introduced, and I offer it to the New-York public with full confidence that it will meet with general approval both as to quality and price.

BOSTON, *March 7th*, 1859.

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MR. BURSTABLE, OF WALL-STREET, HAVING WON A COOL THOUSAND ON THE GREAT EVENT OF THE DAY, SPORTS THE B. B. COLORS FOR A NECK-TIE, WITH A PIN OF THE PERIOD.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

Several of our contemporaries have given accounts of the first meeting of Heenan and Sayers, on the morning of the fight, and what they said to each other on stepping into the ring. These accounts are entirely opposite in their relation, nevertheless from an *esprit du corps*, we consent to believe them all, and even to go farther by printing the relation of our own correspondent, who was within sight and hearing of everything that was said and done. We are not at liberty to give his name, but shall content ourselves by simply designating him as J—n C. H—n—n. He says:

Immediately on the stakes being set and the rope stretched, Sayers who was reposing in a palanquin, made two double sommersaults backward, and sprang from his resting place, eighty feet distant, into the ring. His appearance was gorgeous, and he was hailed with prolonged applause. He was clad in a suit of purple velvet, embroidered with pearls, slashed in with white silk. On his head he wore a cap of gold lace with one large diamond, nearly seven inches in diameter at the top of the crown.

Heenan, who, up to this time, had been lying in a four-post mahogany bedstead on a neighboring hill, now entered the ring by a back door, accompanined by Cusick and Macdonald. He was dressed in a suit of heavy armor of the fashion of the 1st Edward. For a head covering he wore a bell-crowned hat, presented him by his grandfather, to which was attached the order of the Golden Fleece. Screams of delight, from the Americans, went up on his entrance, and he was immediately welcomed by Our Minister at the Court of St James, Mr. D—ll—s, in a neat speech of a couple of hours, and presented with an autograph letter from the Queen, requesting him to drop in at Windsor when he got through. After this he walked over to Sayers and extending his hand, said:

"Mr. Thomas Sayers, sir, it gives me infinite pleasure to meet you. I trust you are in good health, and Heaven's benizon be upon you!"

Sayers took the proffered hand and pressing it to his lips, answered:

"I thank you, my noble friend. I am, by the blessing of the gods will, and happy. May I be allowed to welcome you to this land of brave men and fair women?"

Heenan bowed low in response, and said, "The day is fair, the morning sun shines brightly o'er the land."

To which Sayers responded, "It does. If, on a morning fair as this, we cannot fight; then can we not fight at all. Wilt bet?"

Heenan wiped away a tear that trickled down his manly cheek, and said, "Nay, noble Sayers, I have gone my pile, and have no more to bet."

Heenan then called a cab and went away to his corner, while Sayers, forming a procession of his friends, headed by the Bishop of London, Mr. Spurgeon and the Earl of Beaufort with 87 other noblemen and clergymen, marched to his. From this spot Sayers with a telescope viewed his antagonist, apparently with little satisfaction, for immediately upon finishing the inspection he walked nine times around the ring on his head, and came back with his brows knitted, and his mouth shut.

The ring when formed presented a scene of magnificence rarely equalled. We can compare it to nothing but the entry of the remains of Napoleon into Paris, or the Coronation of Victoria in Westminiter Abbey. The placing of the men, and the preprations for the battle, brought vividly to our mind the memorable day of Waterloo where the——

We break off our correspondent's letter at this point, hardly thinking it worth while to give his relation of the fight. For the truth of his report of the first meeting of the Champions we will vouch; the public may rest assured it was just so.

PASSION-FLOWERS.

Though we have never been averse to a fair stand-up fight with the Wrong in all its forms and phases; and though we have often used somewhat severe and bitter word-weapons against our foe, we claim to be much happier in supporting and commending the Right, than in waging the doughtiest battle.

If the knock-down-and-demolish business has thriven best in these columns, it is because we have found more Wrong to assail than Right to defend, in this great VANITY FAIR called the World.

Nothing, then, could give us greater pleasure, than to render the justice of appreciation to the Practical Christianity exhibited in a simple action, thus recorded in the *Daily Times*:—

—The yard of the State prison at Auburn has been laid out as a flower-garden; a wise and humane effort of the Prison Physician, Dr. DIMON. The doctor regards the labor of an hour as well-bestowed, when the moody prisoner leaves his cell to dig about the roots of a flowering plant, and he will have the thanks of the convict for it.

Those who have witnessed the fearful and unnatural effects of close prison-confinement and labor without interest, upon men already debased, cannot but see the magnitude of the boon conferred upon the poor wretches of Auburn by this wise physician, who, indeed, 'ministers to minds diseased,' and in the tenderest, manliest way.

The ghastly nonsense of the so-called "Prison-Reformers," with their cant and hypocrisy, their gushing love for their species, and their eternal sectarian carping, just fit to make infidels of the strong-minded and idiots of the weak, is put to the blush by this simple, quiet, practical bit of kindness, that touches the heart of even the hardest case of rascality.

It is a curioust thought, but a true one, that after all, a Murderer is a Man, and, as such, is endowed with human longings and human sympathies, be they never so warped and twisted. The delicate flush of roses—the pale purity of lilies—the "bashful azure" of violets—all these awake in his soul that divinest sentiment, *the power of loving something beautiful*. We feel sure that those Auburn convicts who work in the garden do not require the coërcion of "Prison Discipline," half so often as the wretched victims of the dark cells and terrible shower-baths of Sing Sing.

The influence of the flowers—little fragments of the great Nature from whose cheery face the poor prison-gardeners are shut in—must be soothing and consolatory to a degree far greater than we others can understand. And, when these buds and blossoms recall some early days of innocence and happiness, and the convict finds his hot tears falling, to mingle with the dew-drops on the petals of the roses, he may be led to consider, and perhaps to follow, the great human precepts of One, who in old time, also suffered an Agony in the Garden.

A JOKE FOR IRVING PLACE.—The Banti.

HOW KY-IND!

THE news was received by the last Steamer that among the Americans who were relieved of their tickers by the knucks at the great mill, was the Honorable Emanuel B. Hart, supposed to be still, Surveyor of this Port. Immediately on the arrival of the news, the clerks under his command who couldn't go to the fight, felt the sacrifices that the Hon. E. B. H. had, all through, made for his country, and determined to show it in a practical way by replacing the lost ticker. The idea is good, because so disinterested and patriotic. By all means let the watch be got, and properly inscribed. We would suggest as an emblem to be engraved on the case, that spirited scene from the fight, so truthfully pictured on the first page of Wilkes' *Spirit*, the last number, where Heenan has Sayers' head under his arm, and the English Champions legs are hanging down limp and lifeless. This pleasant scene with the appropriate mottos, will serve to remind the Honorable Hart of his visit to Europe, and of the agreable spot where he suffered his loss.

TREASURE TROVE.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair.

PHILADELPHIA, May 11, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—I presume it is not generally known, that the Japanese Envoys have sent a member of their corps on a tour of observation through our chief towns, in advance of their public journey, and under the strictest incognito. This gentleman is (or thinks he is, which is pretty much the same thing, as far as we are concerned) a wit, and editor of a comic journal in the Japanese city of Ho-ho-ax. He is ordered to pass rapidly from place to place, just glancing at the 'Lions' and other prominent animals, and taking brief notes here and there. This gentleman was in our city yesterday, thoroughly *disguised* as a Member of Congress-on-a-bender. I encountered him walking in a gracefully serpentine manner round our magnificent new park, and, accidentally brushing against him, caused a rice-paper MS. to fall from his pocket, which I picked up, intending to restore, after examination. But before I had finished reading the first page, (for, to my astonishment it was written in English) he had disappeared. That you may note the astuteness of his observations, I transcribe a page of his mems. below, which has reference to our metropolis, and in case you feel any curiosity to read more from this specimen, I may perhaps oblige you further at a future period. The rice-paper MS., by the way, is entitled THE BARBARIANS IN SPOTS, BY NO-TA-BE-NE; ED. OF THE HA-HA-ING OF HO-HO-AX. *Vol.* 24. SPOTS IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA. And here is the extract, by which you will see that the Japanese Editor is at home in English, and even plays upon words with the facility and felicity of a regular contributor to VANITY FAIR.

TRANSCRIPT.

o o o o o o o o

"There is a Park in Philadelphia now. It is called the Fairmount Park. It is not a park of artillery: Though you may see some of the 'great guns' of the city there, now and then. It is call'd Fairmount Park, because they have cut away a hill that was there, and built a brick-and-stone wall in its place, to make things more rural. There is a fountain in this Park. During the recent "Revival," this fountain "experienced religion" and stopped playing on Sundays. The River, however, continues to run on as usual on the Sabbath, in spite of many a fall.

"The grass in this Park is green. Green is a favorite color in Philadelphia. Nobody is permitted to walk on this grass, for fear of soiling it. The cobwebs are swept off it every morning. And it is scrubbed every Saturday. Everything is scrubbed every Saturday in Philadelphia. And everything else every other day. They were going to have music in this Park occasionally. But there was not room enough—off the grass. However, there is a proposal before councils to take up the grass on music days, and put it down again when the folks are gone. This will also give them an opportunity to shake and dust it.

"There are water-wheels contiguous to this Park. They are enclosed in a stuccoed-brick house. There are five—more or less—of them. And at least one, is always going at a time. The building is excessively moist. Therefore you are forbidden to smoke in it. This regulation is made in a kindly wish to prevent your cigar being put out (as it would be if you smoked the air) by the dampness."

o o o o o o o o o o

"There is more about the wonders of this Park, but I withhold it for the present. Yours Respectfully,

JEROBOAM QUIP."

"P. S. Midnight. I have just discovered that I have "sold" myself. The owner of the above MS. *was* a *real* Member of Congress, from Attakapas, and the paper was not rice-paper but made from the inner rind of the sugar-cane. The M. C. intended to sell it to a comic daily in N. Y., as a genuine thing, and was on his way to your city. He was, however, arrested, shortly after my meeting with him yesterday, for having stepped on the grass in the new Park, to avoid a large wet hole in the walk, and is now before Judge Cadboggler on a charge of piracy, in consequence.

"As the trial will not be over till the Fourth of July, owing to the protracted opinion of Judge C. I think you may publish the extract with safety, especially as Mr. Boucicault has not yet written a Japanese drama, and cannot, therefore, claim damages.

JEROBOAM Q."

DON'T GIVE UP THE BELT

Ho! Britons; ye of stalwart arms,
Ye noble men, and true,
A hundred million eyes are fixed,
This very day, on you.
Ho! Britons; men before whose might
A world in arms has knelt,
Forget the legend of your sires,
And, don't give up the belt.

Forget the war cry of your race,
Fair play's a jewel rare,
Endorse the British referee
And keep the trophy there.
The blows were stout your champion struck,
The Yankee stouter dealt.
He won the fight, you know he did,
But—don't give up the belt.

Sing Britons, sing that proud old song
"Brittania rules the waves"
And shout that proud old British boast
That Britons can't be slaves.
Recount in glowing rhyme, the deeds
Of Saxon and of Celt,
Then back that blessed referee,
Who, won't give up the belt.

We sent you, with our best regards,
A Boy to match your man.
We think that both these plucky chaps
Have done the best they can.
Each stood for fistic champions of
The land wherein he dwelt
But then, you see the Yankee whipped,
So, don,t give up the belt.

Ho! Britons, ye of sturdy forms,
Who told that famous tale,
That Yankee brawn was not the cheese
Without your H-inglish h-ale.
You've had a taste of Yankee pluck,
Smelt what your fathers smelt,
But don't, ah! don't ye British braves,
Pray, don't give up the belt!

Terrible Threat.

Aaron Jones declares that unless the belt is given up to Heenan, that he, Jones, will "ignore all connection or participation in prize fighting as a useless and unavailing profession." Don't do it Aaron! Have pity on the P. R. at least in this land, or we may as a nation, come to precisely what you so modestly declare poor England has come to since you have deserted her shores. Hear Aaron, "From the reports we have received, Englands glory and pride in the emblem "Fair Play" has, *since I left her shores*, fully departed." Go back Aaron, go back and restore fair play to that effete old beast, the British Lion.

FEB. 18, 1860. MISSIONARIES WANTED.

CAN IT BE BORNE?

AMERICANS! you have been *defrauded*, through your representative abroad, of the *Champion's belt of Great Britain!*

WILL YOU BEAR IT? No!

Let us indignantly protest until the voice of thirty millions of freemen is heard in the strongholds of the British Aristocracy, waking its bloated members from their chuckling and short-lived triumph. Let us send forth our protest until the British throne trembles at our demand for JUSTICE!

JUSTICE!!

JUSTICE!!!

Let us call upon the government to immediately despatch a fleet to achieve that end, and back up the demand of our minister at the Court of St. James.

FELLOW CITIZENS!

TO THE PARK!

This afternoon; there to express the pent-up volcano of your wrath.

TO THE PARK!

TO THE PARK!!

TO THE PARK!!!

Who killed Cock Robbin(s)?

A Philadelphia Hen(ry).

FEB. 25. 1860. THE MISSIONARIES HAVE COME.

THE GREAT PRIZE-FIGHT AT CHARLESTON!

Only Authentic Account!!

DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF ALL THE ROUNDS!!!

Although the great battle between certain well-known political Parties, for the Championship, has been much talked of, no correct and authentic account of it has yet been published. We therefore take pleasure in laying before our readers a graphic and succinct history of the contest as it actually occurred. We feel that this is the more necessary, as we have heard many rumors flying about, attributing foul play and cowardice to each Party; rumors circulated by their enemies, and of no account whatever.

THE MEN.

The Northern Nipper and the Southern Slasher are both too well known to the political public, to require any description here. Both have evinced their gameness and gluttony on more than one occasion, and have won the plaudits of all lovers of true sport. On the 23d of April, when they met in the Charleston ring, to test their prowess, they were in splendid condition, and had evidently been trained in the best manner. The Northern Nipper is a regular giant, and the whiteness of his skin, the extraordinary developments he presented, and his thoroughly educated appearance challanged the admiration of everybody. The Southern Slasher is a much smaller man, but looked fight all over, and was plainly determined to die in the ring, rather than be defeated. Unlike his antagonist, he is dark and swarthy, very tough, wirey, and of a stocky build. The Northern Nipper seemed to have the best organization of the two, and and the betting was rather in his favor.

THE FIGHT.

The Northern Nipper shied his castor over the ropes first, and the Southern Slasher followed suit immediately. Both then jumped nimbly into the ring, and shook hands somewhat sulkily. The seconds—Flournoy and Cushing for the Northern Boy, and Yancey and Bayard for the Southern Party—then took their places, and "time." was called. The Northern Nipper struck a fine attitude of solidity, looking like a very tower of strength, and the Southern Slasher took an equally scientific one, though much lighter on his pins, as if he intended to make his game as much by spry dodging and bolting, as by hitting.

ROUND 1.—The combatants commenced with a good deal of fiddling and feinting on the Wood delegates question, but without any marked hits on either side. The Southern Slasher was determined that his antagonist should lead off, which was finally done. The Northerner made a rush, and got home a rattling slogger with his left on the Slasher's beak, starting the ruby, and compelling him to allow the minorities to vote against the majorities, instead of having their votes count together, as units. *First Blood* for the Nipper. The Slasher then bored in, but was cleverly stopped by the Nipper, who fought to a clinch, and after a sharp struggle to see whether the platform should be decided before balloting for candidates commenced, both went down, the Nipper falling on top (Betting 5 to 4 on the latter, and few takers found).

ROUND 2.—Both Parties came briskly to the scratch, and began fibbing away on the rival delegate question, which was speedily settled by the Nipper, who planted a slashing crack on the Slasher's nob, knocking the Wood delegation out of sight. The Slasher immediately countered with a sounding spank, rejecting the Cincinnati platform, and nearly closing the Nipper's left goggle, Another clinch and fall on the platform question, a trifle in favor of the Slasher. (Betting even, but not very lively).

ROUND 3.—This was a very brilliant round. The Northern Nipper came up a little queer, and the Slasher endeavored to draw him into his corner. The other was too leary, however, and as the Slasher came at him, made a sudden dart, let out right and left upon the Southerner's mazzard by adopting the Squatter Sovereignty platform, and got away very neatly. Attacking again, there was some sharp in-fighting, when the Slasher attempted to bolt, but was caught in chancery. Cries of "foul!" now arose, and in the midst of a terrible confusion and riot the ring was broken in by outsiders and lobby-men. There being no chance for the men, the Slasher slipped down easily on a caucus for consideration,

ROUND 4.—The Southern Slasher came up pretty fresh, considering the pepper he had napped. The Nipper seemed tired, but still game. They came together with a rush, and the Slasher, letting go his dexter mawley, fetched the Nipper a hot'un on the oration-trap, for a separate organization, when the latter went down heavily. (Betting 5 to 4 on the Slasher).

ROUND 5.—The riot and uproar were now so great and the crowd so close about the men, that all order was lost, They came up, however, showing signs of great punishment, and squared themselves again. The Nipper lost a good chance for platform modification, and the Slasher, following up his advantage, sent home seven consecutive rattlers, one apiece for South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Florida, knocking the Nipper completely off his pins.

ROUND 6.—Both men came slowly to time, out of wind, and very puffy about the nob. The Nipper, however, freshened up to his work, The Slasher went in for three blows, one apiece for North Carolina, Virginia and Maryland, but all fell short. Some fibbing followed, aud the Slasher went down on the saving suit. All through this round, there was a plug muss going on around the champions, and it was proposed to stop the fight. The men object-to this, and as both were still full of grit, they went on to

ROUND 7th., and last.—After a few exchanges, both Parties gave signs of great unwillingness to fight. Although the Nipper was still pretty sound, he hit very wild, and rapped several sloggers on secession, which puffed up his peepers, and made his snorer big enough for two. He was about to make a rally, when the row became too great for the battle to proceed, and the men were removed from the ring, terribly punished, but not half satisfied.

Thus ended one of the gamest and best fights for the Championships that we have ever seen. It is greatly to be regretted that the Parties had not a chance to settle the matter, but as it is decided to renew the contest, at Baltimore, in June, we shall probably then find out which is the best man.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF BUTTONS.

'EYE' THE SECOND.

F I remember rightly, madam, we dropped our mutual button at its most unpromising crisis; when, in fact, no dependence whatever was to be placed upon its conduct. Let us leave that miserable libel on buttons to its fate—(a sad one, I assure you madam!) and pass to another subdivision of the great class, shirt-button. I will call this the ORATOR'S BUTTON. You will know it from the fact of its being totally without a *real* button-hole. It is placed in a conspicuous position, and to the careless gazer, seems to stand proudly and firmly forth from a neatly-worked button-hole that just fits it. But in reality, the button-hole is a mere sham, a skilful imitation, perhaps, of a veritable button-hole, but only an imitation. Not a particle of aperture! The imposing button is a delusion and a snare. It attempts to deceive the beholder by its audacious stand, into the belief that it is nobly doing its duty to a grateful button-hole, whereas it is nothing but a vain and fleeting show; a piece of incomprehensible self-conceit on the bosom of Society (that is, of the shirt of society, madam.) The mildest treatment I would suggest for this pompous humbug of a button is, to let it be quietly snubbed off by flat-irony. [No, madam, that pun is not mine. It is the offspring of a friend of mine—also a VANITY FAIRY. He kindly permits me (?) to use it, during his temporary absence of mind.]

I now come to a much more delicate branch of my æsthetical subject, viz: The Glove-button.

This, madam, requires careful handling.

I subdivide the Glove-button as follows; 1st, The HYPOCRITIC BUTTON, or better still, the Sympathetic Button. This button is always on a lady's glove—a young lady, and, at least, passably handsome. Married, or single? Ah! madam, you ask such searching questions! I am not a husband, you see. The peculiarity of this button is the adroit awkwardness it displays, when being buttoned by a gentleman. It is impossible to describe the cunning ruses it employs to evade the button-hole. I have known it to resist for fifteen minutes. But the moment a lady takes it in hand, it becomes as simple and obedient as—as—what is simple and obedient, madam? I confess my ignorance.

The treatment of this button is a matter of hypothesis. But I am told it becomes tractable in proportion as the age of the wearer increases.

The second subdivision of the Glove-button is the JUDGE AND JURY BUTTON. "Obstinate as a Judge;"—you know the 'saw' madam. And by mathematical demonstration, a Jury is found to be twelve times as obstinate as a Judge. This button is found upon gloves of both sexes, under the following circumstances: When the wearer is in haste and waited for; when the wearer "can easily wear a size smaller;" Finally, when the wearer (a lady here) "never did see such a slippery button," and asks Mr. —— to "*do* button it for me." The moment Mr. —— attempts to "*do*" it, this button changes—presto! into the SYMPATHETIC BUTTON. Her husband? *No*, Madam!—that is—I think not. The remedy for the JUDGE AND JURY button is, patient trial first, and peremptory dismissal afterward.

The last of the Glove-buttons, I will christen the BUTTON OF 'THE GENIUS.' Its chief singularity is, unaccountable, unreasonable, unseasonable and to any other button, unpardonable caprice. It flies off at the most inopportune moments. It suddenly becomes feeble, and hangs in a dreamy disheveled manner from its thread. It is, in fact, a button of strange impulses. Now allowing itself to be slipped peacefully into its quiet little button-hole, and anon, struggling more wildly than its obstinate or its sympathetic fellows, to be free from all conventional button-hole trammels. No known rules apply to this *lusus* of buttons. The only resource is to treat it with affected or real indifference, when it will generally subside, after a few convulsive struggles, into a very mild and commonplace type of button indeed.

There remains to me, madam, only the third great class of buttons, viz: ALL OTHER BUTTONS. The Æsthetics of this class are grand and comprehensive to an—an incomprehensible degree. They range from the button of the outer garments—including the horn, pearl, metal, cloth, silk, and gutta-percha, or caoutchouc button-up (or down) to the button (*bouton*—French Dictionary) of the door. Using *door* in its generic and æsthetic sense.

You perceive, madam, the immensity of the button field before me. Suffer then, that I seize a few hours to meditate upon this conclusion of my æsthetic theme, ere I attempt the mighty task, and permit me to subscribe myself, once more, your humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

A Whistle from the Underground Railway.

I am the Agent of the Underground Railroad Company. Our company thinks that certain parties ought to be passed over our route. I wish to inform their friends (if they have any) that we are ready to do it.

Our passengers are mostly black fugitives bound North; those to whom I now refer are, however, white chattels who evidently need to be sent South. They are voluntary slaves. Of their own free will they have suffered themselves to be bought publicly at auction by the highest bidders, in open daylight, in the most frequented streets and places of a certain free Northern City. During all last winter that city swarmed with their self-built, filthy, Slave Pens.

They are low-minded, cowardly and mercenary; they are debauched, corrupt and vicious, and wholly destitute of honor in any shape or form. They deserve no pity—on the contrary, should be hated and loathed by society.

The vacancies made in Southern cotton-fields, cane-breaks and rice-plantations by black fugitives may be more appropriately filled by this Northern breed of white bondmen. The Overseer's lash alone is wanting to perfect their servitude. Let them have it at once. Our road is now in fine running order, and there need be no fear of a collision.

The Lot alluded to was lately known as the New York State Legislature.

PHINEAS FAKE,
Agent U. R. C.

The Frog that would be an Ox.

It is a certain sign of a great man that he will give away what does not belong to him. Under this rule Mr. Brent, of Baltimore, must be a great man. The grandiloquence with which he took the adjourning Convention into his capacious bosom, and extended, as the newspapers have it, "a cordial invitation to the Democracy of the Union, to the hospitalities of that city," is really refreshing. It reminds us of the way of a youthful friend of ours, "a little four year old," as Harper's Magazine beautifully expresses it, who has a way of inviting promiscuous street-boys in to tea, to the horror and consternation of his Ma. It may be however that we are doing Mr. Brent an injustice, and that he is, like Mr. George Washington Tompkins, who, when questioned on his motives in visiting New York declared his intention of buying it, if he liked it. Perhaps Mr. Brent has bought Baltimore, or intends to buy Baltimore. If neither hypothesis is right, then all we have to say is, that we wouldn't like to be Mr. Brent when he goes home, if Baltimore understands herself, and we think she does.

Slander most Foul.

What have the former Conventions done to Mr. Cushing that he should malign them by using such language as this, which we take from his farewell address:

"Notwithstanding the deep and conflicting interests here at stake, I may say to the country that no Convention has ever sat for so great a length of time with the observance of so great a share of order and freedom from personalities or offensive language as this."

"THE PUPPY."

Masculine Person (*in allusion to number of street*) FORTY-FIVE, JACK, DIDN'T I TELL YOU SO?—LOOK AT THE FIGURE.

Feminine ditto (*sotto voce*) FORTY-FIVE, INDEED,—WHAT CAN HE MEAN BY FORTY-FIVE? I WAS ONLY TWENTY-SEVEN LAST BIRTH-DAY. AND AS TO HIS TELLING BY MY FIGURE!!

THE NEW SUNDAY LAW.

We incurred the trouble and expense of sending a reporter to various parts of the city, last Sunday, to investigate the working of the new Sabbatarian Law, recently constructed by the provincial members of the Albany Village Legislature, for the better control of other peoples' business, and the encouragement of Metropolitan morality. Our reporter's statement shows how charmingly practicable it is to have the greatest city on the western continent governed by the gentlemen from Orange and Herkimer.

REPORT.

Your reporter began with some of the lower streets, far down town, on the East Side. All the liquor-saloons were open, and doing an excellent business. One man was arrested for selling liquor, but as he was only a hired bar-keeper, he was discharged. The proprietor was out of town.

In a neighboring ward, all the saloons were open, but there were no arrests.

In the adjoining wards, there were no arrests, but the bar-rooms were all open.

In several wards near, the drinking-places were not closed, and no person was arrested.

The report becoming rather monotonous, Broadway was next visited. A large and respectable saloon was open, and your reporter entered. A neat card inscribed, "This Bar Closed on Sunday," hung over the bar, but several persons were openly drinking in the alcoves. Your reporter modestly asked for a brandy smash, and was informed that he could have any "refreshments" he desired by taking a seat in one of the boxes. Under the present law, restaurants are allowed to serve "refreshments" on Sunday, as on other days, so all kinds of wines and liquors undergo a change during Saturday night, becoming innocent and harmless "refreshments" in time for the earliest Sunday morning cocktail, which, however, cannot be "drank standing."

Passing up Broadway, four billiard-saloons in two blocks were found to be closed, but play was going on briskly in all of them, and of course, everybody was playing for drinks.

A lager-bier hall, not far off, had one shutter up, in obedience to a portion of the law, perhaps. Your reporter entered, and found that he could "refresh" standing up. While proving this experiment, a policeman appeared, and called for some gin and bitters. The beverage was served, but the proprietor declined taking any pay, asseverating that he did not sell liquor on Sunday—he gave it away. Your reporter noticed, however, that he bagged your reporter's sixpence without hesitation. Perhaps if your reporter had worn the inspiriting blue and brass of the martial policeman, it would have been different.

In the Bowery, a concert-and-dancing-saloon was in full and hilarious blast, with lots of beer and Dutch girls floating around promiscuously. Here, three or four officers intruded, and mildly asked the proprietor if he didn't think he was breaking the "Noo Lor." He said he wasn't; that this was only a private party, given by himself to a few friends. The policemen accepted his apology, quaffed, by invitation, the festive foaming bowl, and departed.

Throughout the whole city, everything was pretty much the same. Of course, under the law, nobody could become intoxicated, but your reporter observed many persons who appeared to be very tired—too tired, indeed, to walk or talk with any degree of accuracy or precision. These fatigued persons, however, were generally quiet, and the police, as usual, made as few arrests as possible. Thanks to the Village Legislature, the people of New York are now strictly moral and virtuous in every respect, and all without knowing it. Let Orange and Herkimer sleep sweetly, in the knowledge that they have saved the modern Babylon. Long may they wave!

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BORE.

AN animal rightly esteemed to possess more offensive qualities than almost any other living thing.

Its race is prolific. Since its first appearance upon earth, it has multiplied with a rapidity beyond the calculation of the most accomplished arithmetician. At present, it is believed that the only thing the sun never sets upon—always, of course, excepting the eternal glory of this Star and Striped nation—is the Bore.

The Bore is an amphibious beast. It thrives upon the land, and it is in its fullest glory upon the water, particularly during excursions. When in the fulness of its power, it can never be drowned—not even by the roaring and rushing Niagara; and no amount of cold water thrown upon it, can disturb its equanimity, as has often been tested.

The Bore has also been supposed to enjoy the supernatural faculty of ubiquity. Those who fly in horror from its presence, and seek a distant shelter, are dismayed to find it established there before them. Thus there is no escape from its influence, which is most pernicious. With leech-like tenacity it fastens upon its victims; pursues them with persistent determination; destroys their peace of mind; infects them with vapidity and other mental disorders; sometimes drives the unhappy objects of its attacks to raging frenzy, and sometimes leaves them broken in spirit, and a prey to a melancholy which can never be cheered.

It is to Society what the parasitic vine is to the healthy tree; for, from certain causes, its progress is most difficult to check, and yet, unchecked, it soon usurps all power, and flourishes upon the blighted ruin it has wrought.

Or it may be termed the unsocial dog in the manger of the community. Itself incapable of tasting the food of wit and intelligence, it succeeds only too well in depriving others of such enjoyment.

One of its most disgusting peculiarities is, that it forever appears unconscious of its noxious character, and usually assumes for itself the virtues of facination, elegance, brilliancy, and above all, modesty, which is the unkindest cut of all.

The Bore is detested by all mankind, but is especially and actively hated by young lovers and editors; which fact furnishes the only example in nature of a unity of sentiment between these two entirely distinct races of beings.

From the length of its tongue, and its exceeding pertinacity, the Bore is believed to be nearly connected with the family of the Gossip, before treated of in this paper.

A Figure that stands for naught.

The new Figure of Justice on top of the Hall,
As a specimen rare is quite good,
It being the very first instance at all
That Justice was got out of Wood.
No matter how high they may raise it, they're sold,
The figure for Justice is higher,
And soon, as a symbol of pocketed gold,
'Twill have to be tried by the fire!

Not at all Strange.

No wonder Heenan came to the Scratch first—he was always steady on his Pins.

THE "STATE OF CUBA."

There is a "Tight Little Island" (as the English, celebrated for Beer and Fair Play)' love to call their country), lying off the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, that we want very much indeed In point of fact, we want it so much that it begins to seem as if we *must* have it. We are pleased to see that both fragments of the now divided and defunct Charleston Convention made the acquisition of that Tight Little Island a very important plank in their platforms. This is good. We want cotton and sugar—guava jelly—oranges—bananas—we want cigars to be cheaper—we want all sorts of nice little articles that are produced upon that Tight Little Island, including palm-leaf fans and señoritas, of course.

The State of Cuba! That sounds well, eh? We do suppose that the Republican section will not fancy the acquisition much, but we can't help it. There will be a nigger of most portentous size in the Cuban fence, no doubt, but he will have to stay there, slave or no slave Like the gleeful but virtuous Quaker who told his son to get money, honestly, if he could, but *get it*, we feel that we must get Cuba, in a manner agreable to Spain, if we can, but by all means let us have the Tight Little Island State!

"IMPENDING CRISIS" OF A DAINTY MORSEL.

The Grateful Delegates.

Since the time of the wreck of the Whitehall skiff Mary Ann, in Buttermilk Channel, when the crew and passengers, numbering two in all, were obliged to walk in water up to their knees, and go three hours without anything to eat, we have not heard of so terrible a peril as that through which the returning delegates from Charleston, by the Steamer Alabama, have just passed. They have testified their gratitude by a three dollar advertisement in the *Herald*, in which they return thanks to Captain Schenck first, and to Heaven afterward, for their miraculous escape from the dangers of the sea. We look upon all these thanks, in their present form, as but half touching the perils of their journey. They say nothing whatever of the danger they have escaped in Charleston, but speak only of their watery tribulation, To be sure, Old Neptune has certainly shown mercy, as we feel entirely sure that he will never get such another chance, at such another party.

Oh! Bother.

At a meeting of the Board of Aldermen, the other night, a communication was received from the acting Mayor stating that he had received a letter from the Agent of the owners of the Steamship Great Eastern, declaring that they had decided upon sending her direct to New York. The Mayor wanted information about the harbor, and a special committee of five was appointed to get it. This little arrangement puzzles us somewhat. We do not exactly see the way clear for this committee of five to make its expenses. We cannot see any contract in the matter, unless they intend to invite proposals to dig the harbor out a few feet deeper. There has been no appropriation as yet, but we look anxiously for a trifle at the next meeting, say $30.000 to widen the narrows, or a like sum to dredge the bay. There is no telling what an Alderman cannot do.

THE "MEN FOR CHARLESTON."

O where, and O where have the men for Charleston gone?

Answer us, august James Gordon B.; you who preside over the political destinies of the Universe, not to say of Charleston and the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets!

First, on the second day of last February, it was the great Buchanan for whom you did raise your tuneful voice.

Then, forgetting this ancient and early love, incontinently did you prance about the gentle Bell. "O! Bell, don't you tell," etc., for J. Gordon B. did forget you, and the dashing Sam Houston did usurp your place.

Alas, poor Sam!

Not long was your path among the lilies and roses that grow among Heraldic columns!

Rapidly following, came General Lane.

His were the favors of the Caledonian Coquette.

He was the Only, Old, Original, Long-Established, Undoubtedly Genuine, Simon-Pure, No-Connection-With-The-Shop-Across-The-Way Man for Charleston.

Viva Lane!

But it is a long Lane that has no turning.

The General was hurled from his lofty place, like Bel and Dagon in ancient, and Bell and Houston in modern times.

Prone in the dust he lay, while from the South, serene and fair, a telegram leaped into those much-loved columns.

A few words only. A sentence of telegraphic brevity . . . . the soul of telegraphic wit

"There is now no doubt that Douglas will "be nominated to-morrow!"

And now?

Now? Ah, where is Douglas, "Douglas, "tender and true?"

Nowhere!

The shadows of political night gather thick on the face of political nature. Some lingering political echoes float vaguely down the political air, and political Fate wails her political countenance, crying:

"Eheu! Ai! Ai! Where *are* the Men for Charleston?"

A Pierce-r.

It may not be generally known that there was one delegate at Charleston who, through thick and thin, voted for Franklin Pierce. Who this "one subscriber" was, has not transpired, and though many shrewd guesses have been given, he still retains his incognito. We have a theory that it is a delegate from one of the interior counties of Pennsylvania, where, as we are told, they still continue to vote at every election for General Jackson. This man, no doubt, has got a little ahead of his neighbors, and reached as far in his calculations as Pierce. We hardly think it an improvement, and candidly advise him to go back home and do as his neighbors do.

A Solemn Fact.

That a thousand men at Charleston have persisted in asserting that they have a Stake in the country, when all who know them are convinced that they often have to go without a Chop in the city.

Military.

We propose, as the only means by which a decent reception may be secured to the Japanese Embassy, to Turn Out every city official.

THE POLITICAL GAME OF BLUFF.

"As neither section of the old Democratic Party will make any nomination at present, the Black Republicans, instead of seeing the enemy's hand, have first to show their own."
[Morning Paper.

CHARLESTON DEMOCRAT.—I SEE THAT, AND CALL YOU. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?
CHICAGO REPUBLICAN.—A PAIR OF DEUCES, WITH A KNAVE AT THE HEAD.

VANITY FAIR TO JOSEPH SMITH.

ADMIRABLE SMITH:—Interested as we have always been in the affairs of Polygamutah, it was with no small satisfaction that we perused in our morning paper the communication in which you define your sentiments with regard to the pagoda, profanely termed a church, by the followers of Brigham Young. On this concrete subject—the programme and the pagoda—we have a few remarks te offer; preliminary to which we pray of you to look awful, not cheerful, observing us with the decent gravity with which you might contemplate Mr. William Davidge, when, verging upon the crisis of "Villikins," he checks the untimely levity of his hearers by undeceiving them as to the facetious character of the melody with which he is luring away their dyspepsia.

Approaching our subject, Smith, let us quote the opening sentence of your manifesto, which reads as follows :—"In taking the head of the Mormon Church, I am running counter to the opinions of many people." From this assertion we cannot dissent—but neither can we assent to it, not being aware of the exact position of the facts. We reproduce it merely to demonstrate how much more intense in sentiment it might have been made by the addition of one insignificant letter, one diminutive adverb. Thus—"In taking the head Off the Mormon Church, I am Not running counter to the opinions of many people." With such words, Joseph, you might have suggested the basis of an exceedingly popular platform—a platform which thousands of honest hands would have been found ready to decorate with the festive tar-brush, the final hemp, and all other fitting accessories for the grand spectacular *tableau* of "Retributive Justice executing condign punishment upon the Head of the Polygam Church."

But let that pass. We can see the light through the holes in your programme. Look steadfastly through those we pick in it. We are trustful that, in your approaching attack upon the dirty old Brig in which the Scarlet One of Polygamutah is now precariously afloat upon Salt Lake, you will not hold hand until you have cut away the masts, shivered the timbers, shattered the figure-head, abolished the flag, unspliced the main-brace, removed the polygamous Ribs, and otherwise perniciously affected the arrangements of that abominable hulk, previous to finally scuttling it and consigning it to the depths of its inevitable perdition.

For, that you will personally contribute Pepper to the great Salt-box of the far west, the spirit of your manifesto inclines us to think, notwithstanding the disclaimer contained in the following extract from that document :

> I know that many stories are now being circulated in reference to what will be the result of the step I have taken. I know that many believe that I will emigrate to Salt Lake. To those who know me, it is needless for me to say that I am not going to do any such thing while the doctrine of Polygamy and disobedience to the laws are countenanced there; to those who do not know me personally, and to whom my principles are unknown, I must say, withhold your censure until such time as I shall, by some flagrant act of disobedience to the law of the land or some striking breach of morality, deserve the just indignation of society; when I do either the one or the other, I am ready for the opening of the vial of wrath of outraged society, and shall cheerfully receive the condemnation I shall merit.

With reference to this disclaimer, Smith, let us remind you that there is a ring of iron in your patronymic suggestive of a sterner decision than that declared by you. In phraseology borrowed from the honorable handicraft of which your name is a result—the handicraft of Tubal Cain, of Elihu Burritt and of the Benicia Boy—let us hint to you that, in hammering Brigham Young you will hit the right nail upon the head. Instigate the popular breeze to aid in blowing your anthracite to a white heat. Poke no end of parsons at it. If necessary, bring the great broad-church Bellows to blow upon it—*Bellus homo et magnus*, a comely man and an eminent—and when you take your irons from the fire, cauterize boldly with them the foul ulcer Brigham from the face of creation.

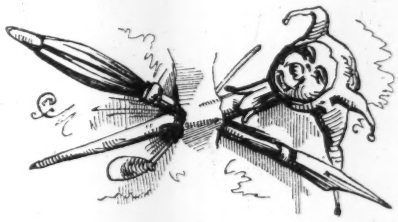
As for the "vial of wrath" alluded to in your manifesto, be not such a spoon as to swallow it. Kept in a cool place, and dark, it will retain its destructiveness until the time comes for conveying it, carefully corked, into the modern City of the Plain, and there fracturing it vigorously over the head of the bad Prophet. This you may do, and yet keep within the "pale of the law," referred to in your communication—for the pale of the law, in Polygamutah, is so pale as to be hardly perceptible.

Again, you say—"To those familiar with the books upon which our faith is founded, the Bible being the ground-work, I have no apologies to offer." Glad to hear it, Smith. But remember, Smith, do not forget, Joseph, bear in mind, young Elder, as you enter in by that gate of Polygamutah which cannot at present be called Beautiful, that groundwork is a thing easily defiled. The Bible has ever been the groundwork with which the bad Prophet has caused the streets of Polygamutah to be paved. Bibles are the cobble-stones over which Brigham reels in his unhandsome cab. Testaments flag the *trottoir* upon which his deluded followers go, tramp, tramp. Draggled and trampled is that groundwork, as if maintained under the special providence of a Street Inspector of New York. Draggled and trampled, and strewn with the last ragged remnants of morality and decency, swept out from the polluted houses to dry up in the polluted street.

It is related of your lamented father, Smith, that by placing a holy stone of some kind inside his hat, and crowding his face in after it, he became clairvoyant of the metallic mysteries of inner earth. Do not attempt to rival your progenitor in this. Be practical. Carry no stone in your hat, nor yet a brick. If a stone at all, let it be a smooth one in your sling, wherewith to do battle with the Goliath of Polygamutah. Never mind the "pale of the law"—pull up a stake from it and hit him over the head. Counter him—catch him on the conk—damage his oration trap—send him to grass so effectually as to make grass-widows innumerable of his wives—knock him out of time—if neccessary tomahawk him and "raise his hair."

One more paragraph, as a tail-piece to a subject scaly in itself. The rattlesnake decapitated, its body, harmless though disgusting, writhes nntil sun-down and then dies. So of the reptile of Salt Lake. Cut off the venomous head and the sun-down of polygamy is not far off. Yours, conditionally,

Vanity Fair.



The Scarcity of Help.

Housekeepers complain loudly of the scarcity of reliable, accommodating and competent servants. The White House Keepers of the United States (Messrs. Forney, Weed, Cagger, Richmond & Co.) seem equally put about to find a suitable John Thomas for our National Kitchen. In this strait we suggest that they advertise for the article, after the prevailing private family style.

This will be found surer, quicker and more economical than the plan upon which they have hitherto acted. Surely, rather than be pestered with interminable telegraphic rigmaroles from different Conventions, every paper in the Union (except the *Ledger*) would insert gratis a short, plain, pointed advertisement stating the qualifications requisite for the post, its wages, and where application should be made.

Feeling confident that "a hint will be as good as a kick" from us, and that our idea will be at once acted upon, we thus set the ball in motion :

> WANTED.—A Candidate for the Presidency. Must be old and infirm—if possible imbecile; able and willing to stand anything and everything offered him in the way of contempt, and hold no political views calculated to offend his employers. The right person may hear of an uncomfortable situation by addressing HARD TO PLEASE, Baltimore, Richmond and Chicago Conventions.
>
> N. B. Wages $25,000 per annum. None but Americans need apply.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, the ponderous platitudinarian author of "Proverbial Philosophy," has recently issued a volume entitled "Three Hundred Sonnets." Considering the heavy and inane style of writing required for—or at least, generally exhibited in—the Sonnet *par excellence*, and considering the number of unpractised poetlings who annually attempt that lugubrious form of composition, we suggest to the British Crown that Mr. Tupper be employed to write up all the rest of the sonnets that can be constructed in the language, thus making one job of it, and proving himself really useful for the first time in his life, by relieving the world of Tupperism and Sonnetism at the same time.

Query.

When we think how many artists were sent to England by the illustrated papers, expressly to see the Great Prize Fight, is it any wonder that it was Drawn?

OUR SECOND VISIT TO THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

GENERAL opinion having endorsed our first article on the Academy of Design, O'Titian and myself paid a second visit to that institution. As we went along Broadway, I represented to my Celtic friend the disgraceful character of his conduct on the previous occasion, and extorted a solemn promise that during our visit he would abstain from all intoxicating liquors. As we passed the New-York Hotel, shortly after this, O'Titian alleged that he saw a friend in the window, and hastily left me in order to speak to him. He returned in a few moments and proceeded to Tenth-street. As I walked close by his side, my attention was attracted by a strange protuberance in one of his pockets. I questioned him about it, when he hinted, mysteriously, that his life having been threatened by some of the artists, he felt it necessary to carry a revolver. This statement, I confess, made me somewhat nervous, for O'Titian is, when roused, of a sanguinary disposition, and I have a great horror of being mixed up in a murder trial. I entered the building ill at ease, and proceeded to take notes with a trembling hand.

178. Painted by Banvard, is a capital specimen of a card-house, such as we build in our youth. It is called in the catalogue "The residence of the artist," but that is simply impossible. No one, unless a knave of spades or a king of clubs could live comfortably in such an edifice.

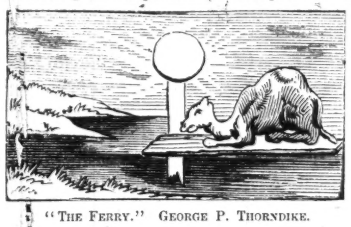
105. By John Mulvany is a charming specimen of the sampler style of art. I am not acquainted with the technical name of the stitch in which it is painted, but it is executed with great skill. I think that Mr. Mulvany would find ample field for his needle—I mean pencil—in the carpet and hearth rug departments of Stewart and Hiram Anderson. Our artist has given a very fair idea of the picture.

"In a Garden." John Mulvany.

96. An Etching in Soot, by Carl L. Brandt. Why in Soot? Tlfis is as bad as the portraits of Daniel Webster executed with a hot poker on a pine board. Why does not Mr. Brandt turn his attention to the sea-weed landscape, or the pictures made out of chips of Autumn leaves? All such monstrosities in art, correspond to the juggler swallowing knives. Wonderful, but disgusting and useless.

110. R. de Trobriand. This is a scene in charcoal by a well-known. French litterateur. It is just the sort of thing that drawing-masters exhibit to weak-minded parents as specimens of the skill of former pupils.

201. Geo P. Thorndike. A view of a camel crossing a ferry on a raft, while the sun is setting. The camel looks comfortable, and the sun is gotten up regardless of expense, although what either one of them is doing in the position it occupies is a mystery.



"The Ferry." George P. Thorndike.

254. The Old Cavalier. J. D. Barrow. This is the portrait of an old gentleman of the days of Cromwell getting shaved and shampooed. The lather on the beard and head is admirably painted.

278. Tempted. C. C. Markham. A temptation to move on.

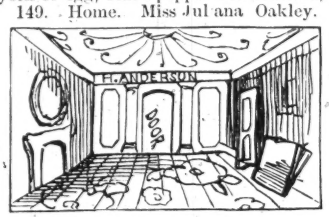
304. Facing the Storm. G. H. Boughton. Very commonplace, poor in color, and bad in flesh texture. In short, unworthy of this most prominent and imaginative of artists. I am glad to say that in 380, The Frozen Stream, he more than redeems the pudgy girl travelling through immoveable snow. The atmosphere in 380 is intensely cold, and the peculiar crispness of the frosty day admirably given.

373. Washington's First Interview with Mrs. Custis. J. W. Ehninger. I dont know which to pity most, The Father of his Country, or the amiable widow. Heaven defend me from any such stiff-backed formal flirtations.

425. Sarsfield's Surprise and Capture of the Siege Train of William of Orange. Alexander Wust. I have no doubt that Sarsfield's surprise would have been considerable could he behold this picture. Judging from some of the figures, a great deal of William's orange was captured.

436. Approaching Thunder-Storm. M. J. Heade. The spectator feels inclined to exclaim O, thunder! Imagine a salad gravy of yolk of egg, black pepper and mustard, and you have it.

149. Home. Miss Juliana Oakley. Miss O. is strong on upholstery. This is a room chock full of furniture and people, but the furniture is so plentiful, and the people are so ugly that O'Titian refused to draw anything but the room.



"Home." Miss Juliana Oakley.

459. St. Matthew, ch. 3, v. 15. D. M. Carter. Sacred persons face deep in soap-suds.

460. The Golden Hours a study. Sophie Anderson. This should have been called "a white heat." Two metallic figures painted so as to not resemble nature, have been standing in the sun so long that one half of each of them has been heated to a white heat.

476. Frank Howland. George Jordan in his dressing-room and, it would seem, drawers. He is evidently about attiring for the stage and is pondering what he shall wear.

609. Henry Van Inger. A winter scene with several persons sleighing on a road laid down with ice cream vanilla, I think. This is an expensive amusement, but must be pleasant.

757. Warming Up. W. O. W. Dana. A strangely original picture. The sphynx is crouching on her massive pedestal in Broadway, during a winter snow storm. An Arab is beating his hands across his body to keep them warm. The Arab has been shovelling snow away from the door-stoop on which the sphynx couches. The allegory intended by the artist is, doubtless, poetic, but yet somewhat obscure.

"Don Juan." Frank Howland.

464. A Study, in Kaatskill Cove. A. H. Wengler. Some epileptic rocks frothing at the mouth.

465. Mating. Eastman Johnson. Charming twin episodes of spring, feelingly and truthfully rendered. Indeed, Mr. Johnson, in this picture, as well as in his "Freedom Ring" and "Marguerite," has revealed himself as a first class artist of the natural school.

284. Wee Folk. Frank Bellew. A view in the infernal regions, with a troop of demons bearing a lost soul to the fiery pit. The malignant character of the devils is interpreted with great force and variety of expression. Yet stay—on consulting the catalogue, I find that they are not demons but fairies, and that they are bringing back a stolen child who is, they think, asleep, but who is in reality dead. I beg Mr. Bellew's pardon for this mistake. It was natural enough. Fairies are often quaint but never repulsive. They are called in Fairy land "the good people." Mr. Bellew's "wee folk" are malign. They are exceedingly bad in all but the drawing which is masterly, while the foliage is conscientiously brought out. What the committee mean by hanging a colorless drawing in the midst of a number of vivid pictures is more than I can make out. Mr. Bellew has good ground for doing another "removed by the painter."

199. Our Frost Leaves. Sophie Anderson. This is an admirable specimen of picture restoring. One half of the painting has been cleaned while the other half is still overloaded with the shadows of Time. The Academy ought to employ Miss Anderson to restore Mr. Elliott's subtracted picture.

"Our Frost Leaves," Sophie Anderson.

While I was making the foregoing notes, O'Titian's manner seemed to become suddenly wild and threatening. I could scarcely account for this, as he had, according to agreement, not left the room since he had entered, and consequently could not have become intoxicated. Yet everything about him seemed to indicate inebriety. He was flushed in the face, and communicated his opinion of various pictures to the general public in a loud and somewhat authoritative tone of voice. While considering a painting he would stand opposite to it and weave his head backward and forward after the manner of a bear or elephant. A strong alcoholic odor surrounded him. There could be no doubt about it. O'Titian was again intoxicated. But how did he become so? There was a mystery about it. I watched him closely, and in a little while I observed that he stealthily took from the pocket in which he told me he carried his revolver, a small metal flask, which he applied to his lips with great apparent satisfaction. I instantly accosted the wretch in my sternest manner, and upbraided him with his perfidy. The fellow put on a most martyred air, and had the impudence to assure me that there was nothing in the flask but some black tea, which he took for his nerves. Even while saying this, he was hardly able to stand, and waved his sketch-book wildly and in a vague manner, as if to bid defiance to the entire world. As a proof of his condition, I subjoin a copy of the

Sketch made by O'Titian when very tired.

last sketch that he made. Finding himself detected, O'Titian became utterly reckless, and uttered a national war-whoop, the ferocity of which made my blood run cold. He took out his pen-knife, and vowed that he was going to cut every picture in the exhibition out of the frame, and chalk inside "removed by the greatest of living artists." On being dissuaded from this insane course, he, to my great consternation, drew a great roll of canvass from some portion of his person, which on unrolling I perceived to be one of his eternal historical pictures. This horrid production he commenced deliberately hanging over Mr. Leighton's Romeo and Juliet, stating in the coarsest and most desperate language that he would murder any one who interfered with him. No one in the room seemed to have any doubt of this, and he was left uninterrupted. I, however, feeling some interest in the young man, who although wild and reckless is not yet entirely lost, promised him faithfully that if he would take his

Kynge Richarde and ye cruelle Duke of Buckinghamme.

delicious picture down (I called it delicious to *him*) I would have a sketch of it published in Vanity Fair. This seemed to appease him somewhat, and he sullenly consented. I give a correct drawing of the abominable thing. After this I made a bold effort to get him away, and in consequence was obliged to pass over many charming pictures in silence, such as Mr. Saintin's delightful crayon sketches, a little picture called the Love-letter, by Zimmerman, which is remarkably well painted, and several more ambitious but not such successful works.

I cannot conclude without speaking of a bust No. 207 by Mr. Launt Thompson. There is a vague and inexplicable beauty in youth that is independent of regularity of feature or even symmetry of form. It is not to be put into words. The French call it the beauté du diable for it is the most dangerous and seductive of all charms. This sentiment Mr. Thompson's bust seems to me eminently to possess. It is easy, natural, and young.

The next morning before I was out of bed, I received a hurried note from O'Titian, dated from the 13th Ward Station House, informing me that he had met with a slight accident which confined him to his cell, and begging of me to assist him. The accident consisted, I discovered on hastening to the place, of the knocking down of a policeman, and consequent incarceration. I found O'Titian very contrite with a large black eye, amusing himself in his solitude with making the sketch which terminates this article which he said was a copy of the best picture in the Academy. I succeeded in getting him released, but never will I go anywhere again with O'Titian. Never!

Bister.

Raising the Scale.

Taking example from the late Trade Strikes, our city Fathers have Put Up their Figure of Justice, at the Hall.

May Moving Made Easy.

To change your Quarters: purchase Vanity Fair. Price six cents.

THE WAR OF THE DICTIONARIES.

Interesting Letter from Charles Yellowplush, Esq.

LONDON, April 7th, 1860.

U the Editur of Vanity Fair—

SUR :—I hav had the honer to receev in my karacter of a literery man, pur steemer—the chawges being one pund ten—a coppy of The Grate Amerikun Dickshunnery of ure grate Kolumbyan Oratur, Mr. Webster, which is a handsum addishun, considerin' the plates, to the smawl collecshun of standurd wurks which adawns my pantry ; and very good it was in the propryiturs to kum down so liberully with the same. The orthor, movin' unfortshunatly for himself in fashnable suckles has kum 2 an untimly end in konsiquins of a kollishun with the sellybrated Doktor Parkmann ; which I admit lends a tuchin interest to hiz wurk ; tho' i must say that this wuz to some xtent wot I have all Along xpected, i du think—and well I remember makin' the sam remarque to my old freend, Sir Edwud Bulwig Lyttn—I du think that in the hurrigh of swellin his cenawemus collecshun, he has neglekted tu du justis to mi oun kontribushions to awethograffycal siens, which appered under the orspises of my akomplished freend, Mr. Thakery, who is well, and desires 2 be kindly remembered to the gentlemen of the New York Press Club ; and better shampang he never drank than he found at their horsepittabul bord. Men of grate and missyaneyus akquirements like miself air frekently requested to mak addishuns to litterayshure ; and it is no secret amung the traid that i hav been askd to kumpile a Dickshunnery ; but that i have Been Prevented by my meny publik avocashuns. Of korse the Doktur will hav his defenders and of korse, until my rite hand furgets its kunnin' I shall hav 1 ; but havin seen at the Brittish Muzeum a coppy of a wurk by Doktur Webster,* I do not feel as if in my old age, i kould giv up my lorils and reputashun for authorgrafy and good manners. Nou, Mr. Edytor, I will tak the furst sentens to begin with, sez the Doktur, writin in his own weigh and not in mine :

"The first thing recommended to your attention, iz : the care of your helth and the prezervation of your bodily constitution."

No, as i hav alwase sed, if a sistem is wuth follering, it is wuth follering completeligh ; & besides i Denigh that "helth" is the 1st thing rekunmended tu young Gentlemen in the abuv ; I say it is spellin and very bad spellin Bsides. The orthur pretends to foller me ; but duz he du it at all ? I hop My Frenzs no me well enuf to kno that in spellin the 4 going extrack i shood have writn :

"The fust thing rekumended to yr attenshun is the kare of yr helth and the preservashun of ure bodily konstitushon."

*An Address to Young Gentlemen. By Noah Webster, Hartford, 1790.

That, Sr, wuld hav bin something like refawm and tru eleganz in gustis to miself and mi sistem, i giv u specimens o' mi orthografy and the Doktur's :

Dok. Webster.	C. Yellowplush, esq.
receev	reseev
bizziness	bizzyniss
disees	dizeze
fateeging	fateaguein
wimen	wimmin.

—I fansy, sir, that in this kontroversy spellin is the mane pint between me and the Doktur ; but i beleev that in direkshuns to young people of a medikul turn i could sirparse him. For instuns : a yung gentlemun has takin a kold. Wot does the Doktur rekummend ?

"Dancing in a warm room, or other violent exercise will generally throw a person into a copious swet in a few minutes ; and this, two or three times repeeted will usually releev the person."

—i shuld think so ! the ideer ! dancin ureself in 2 a kopius swet ! then the Doktur goze on to rekummend to young gentlemen "to oil their bodies as an infallible meens of garding themselves from diseez." Phansy 1 of his pashunts, havin oiled his boddy, and dansin' in a warm room !

But the Doktur gives allsow anuther essa for his amiable frends the yung wimmin, and very pretty it sertinly iz in sum of its epxresshuns. For instinz :

"A collection of sweet little beings with voices as melodious as the notes of the nightingale whose cheeks even a whisper will cuver with blushes, and whoze hearts are az pure az the fallen snow-drop ; is heaven in mi nature."

That is all very well ; but what air these luvely yung kreechers, i shud like to kno, if they can not spell ? hou are they ever tu kno if they foller the Doktur in his ridickyewlus attemps to foller me. Still i admit that the Doktur's spellin is wus than his moruls. Here 'im !

"But when a woman is incautious, when she is reddy to fall into the arms of any man that approches her, she remooves the barrier of her reputation."

i shood say so. I hav seen a good dele of the best society, and i agree with the Doktur.

And here is more shroodnes and spellin :

"Do you ask how you shall discover the true karacter of a woman, so as not to be deceved ? I answer, this must depend mostly on obzervations of your own."

And here is a rekummendashun to yung gentlemen who want to be as good riters as Dr. Noah.

"When your rite, accustom yourself to stand at a high desk."

Now my advise would be ; "when you rite akkustum ureself to get upon a hi horse," i think mi advise as good, at leest as the Doktur's.

It iz possyble that i mite not have thout it nesseSery to rite these lines, if my opinyun had not bin sort by the publishyers of Doktur Webster's Dickshunery ; which, as a litterery man i hav not Thought it proper to surpress. The Bishup of London dined at our hous the other day, and His Opinyun, i found out wuz mi one befor i had changd his Ludship's plate twise. So with these remawks

I remain
Yure umble freend
and servunt,
CHAWLS YELLOPLUSH.

A Fine Opening.

We think it was Sairey Gamp who said that it "was the easiest thing in the world to be a nuss ; for it wasn't often that the patients wanted anything, and when they did, they didn't get it." The new Commissioners of Charities—*née* Alms House Governers, are advertising for "nusses." The *Herald* of Thursday has this :

HOSPITAL NURSES WANTED.—THE COMMISSIONERS OF CHARITIES AND Correction will receive written applications at their office, Rotunda, Park, for male and female nurses at Bellevue Hospital. None but persons of unexceptionable character, with good references need apply. Wages will depend upon the value of the service rendered.

What must be the nature of the references, gentlemen? Must they show that they are not afraid of rats, and are good at leaving a ward of sick women all night without attendance ? What must be the nature of the services ? Must they be good rat-catchers, and does that last paragraph in the advertisement mean that they will be compensated in proportion to the number of rats they catch?

All Afloat.

The Southern Delegates, at Charleston, rather than Wave their rights in the Convention, have determined to try a little Sea Session.

Con. by a Philanthropist.

What Trade is hardest on Apprentices?
The Coolie Trade.

VANITY FAIR,

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The *Punch* of America."—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 19

"If such a work can succeed, VANITY FAIR will and ought to do so. It has a good corps of writers, whose contributions promise to be set on a hill and shine accordingly."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country. The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high moral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press,*

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is *vim* in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are equal to those which have made *Punch* a power in the metropolis of England; and in fun, piquancy of manner, terseness and humor it equals its great trans-Atlantic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

"Its illustrations are superior to any that have heretofore appeared. . . . . The literary portion of the number is varied and entertaining."—*Boston Courier.*

"VANITY FAIR promises life and usefulness."—*N. Y. Leader.*

"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'peculiar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

"Pungent and humorous, and shows much ability in its editorial management."—*Louisville Journal.*

"The whole affair is exceedingly clever."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"There is no small degree of smartness in VANITY FAIR."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"VANITY FAIR is the most piquant of hebdomadals. We could wish that it might sweep out of existence every other comic periodical we have."—*Buffalo Daily Courier.*

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"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

"It bids fair to be very popular, and gives evidence of a high order of literary and artistic talent."—*Hunterdon* (N. J.) *Republican.*

"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.' Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

"Capital and full of fun."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Comes nearer the object than any of its predecessors."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"One of the cleverest and brightest papers of the kind. . . . . The wittiest writers and artists of New-York contribute to it."—*Providence Journal.*

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SAMBO.—I'se feared I must, Missus, dat ar Massa Perry takes de shine out of dis chile sure. I golly! don't dem boots of yourn glisten! It only took a minute to put dat ar Japanese Polish on em wid a sponge, and my old elbow has been going hard for de last half hour wid dis ere paste blacking, but I can't bring out no such gloss as dat ar, no how—I shall hab to gub em up beat, dat's a fact.

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